(Continued from Page 34)

paid cash for it. He likes it so much he leaves it only for an occasional fancy night club, usually to celebrate a domestic anniversary.

We went to the Brown Derby for supper—the Bendixes, Doc Dawson and I. "I'm a meat-and-potatoes man," Bendix informed me. "I like any meat as long as it's veal."

While we were eating, a drunk at the Derby bar started cutting up, threatening to kill everybody in the place. Bill nodded over with the Hairy Ape crack. The drunk took one look at him and sat down.

When Bill returned to the table, I said hopefully, "I suppose you've had a lot of fights in your life?"

"Never had a one," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because nobody was ever afraid of me."

Bendix talks the same language off screen as on. Brooklyn would classify his dress, diets and fitness as a Jolsey product. Jolsey would toss it right back at Brooklyn. He tossed up a trifle during our interview, but was always kidding Bendix, obviously to keep his feet nice down. He was wearing a rather weird-looking sports coat and an open-throated shirt. His pet extravagance, besides the select grades of Scotch he drinks in sparing amounts, seems to be some extravagancy paper guest towels on which is printed in gilt letters: HOUSE OF BENDIX.

"I've gone Hollywood," Bill explained.

Although he realizes that he might have been a subway guard if he hadn't got lucky, I think he knows he's good. "The Hairy Ape won't do me no harm," he said. He gives fifty-dollar War Bonds to program after finishing a big picture. On the set, he usually plays bad bridge and worse poker. His pinochle is adequate. When things drag, he likes to bellow suddenly, "Let's make the pincha! Let's make the pincha!"

This seems especially appropriate when you consider what making pictures has done for Bendix. As a philosophic friend of his put it, "Ten years ago, Bill was a happy grocery clerk. Seven years ago, he was on relief. Last year he made more money than F.D.R. Could it happen anywhere but here?"

LEE, BATTING FOR EISENHOWER

(Continued from Page 15)

fights—sometimes fights with knives and guns—between Negro and white soldiers were quite frequent. Today, with over ten times the number of soldiers, a single report of one such fight a week is high average. The way Lee brought about the change is a story that keynotes his character.

When General Eisenhower came here as supreme commander, he issued an order that there would be no segregation of Negro troops. The processes of mounting the invasion themselves made enforcement difficult. Combat divisions consisting largely of Southerners schooled in rigid segregation from earliest childhood were flowing through and stationed near bases where there were large bodies of Negro troops doing an outstanding job in the Services of Supply. Some local commanders found it expedient to forget about the nonsegregation order. Their excuse was that this policy prevented trouble. It didn't; instead, the policy simply seemed to pour oil on the ugly, smoldering fires of racial feeling.

Lee demanded reports of every incident, of courts-martial and of the punishments meted out. Officers found lax in enforcing the nonsegregation order were broken. Steps were taken to see that the rights of Negro soldiers were, in fact, the same as those of white soldiers, and woe to the officer who allowed the evidence of a white MP to outweigh that of a Negro MP. Lee carried out the letter of the nonsegregation order 100 per cent through every channel of his command, and he gave his officers to understand that disobedience of it would be punished as severely as the willful disobedience of any other order.

Some officers murmured—though not to Lee's face—that this was going too far; things had come to such a pass, they said, that when a fight was investigated it was assumed in advance that the Negro was in the right and the white soldier in the wrong.

Lee was indignant. "That kind of thinking has got to stop," he said, his usually friendly blue eyes flashing fire. "This is a most important issue because it cuts right down into our innermost thinking and feeling. Are we fighting this war on a clean issue or are we kidding ourselves? We've got to decide, and make our decision stick."

Lee practices what he preaches. A three-star general, no matter what his inclinations, is likely to be a lonely man in the area of his command, by the very

(Continued on Page 38)

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